



The "LADO" Croatian Dancers at the Dubrovnik Festival in a medley of dances from Prigorje. (Foto Dubrovnik)

Perhaps the rarest opportunity that we have had during the entire Dubrovnik Festival was to see an old traditional dance on the island of Korčula (near Dubrovnik) which dates back to the Turkish invasion along the Dalmatian coast. The story of the dance is about a young maiden abducted from the island of Korčula by the Turks. A group of young men from Korčula set out to fight the Turks and return the maiden to her home. The dance depicts the invasion, abduction, the young fighters departing for battle, the clashing of sabres when meeting the Turks, the slaughter of the Turks and return of the maiden. It was, indeed, a sight to behold. Moreško has been presented at Korčula since the 14th century and is performed annually on July 27th.

A vacation in Dubrovnik is an enjoyable treat any time of the year, and especially during the summer. It will add up to the experience you will never forget.

Stan and Lois Leszynski



To Mr. & Mrs. Micheal Zićkus

of Sacramento, Cal., condolence is extended upon the untimely death of their son in Chicago. Amžina atilsj.

Frank Mickas

Deep condolence is extended to our staff member Lennie Mickas upon the sudden death of his father on September 16th. in Chicago. Lennie is the designer of our cover border. He is a teacher of art in two schools in the Chicago area and a member of the Lithuanian folk dance group ATEITIS. Amžina Atilsj.

Isaac Fisher

Deep condolence is extended to Miss Constantine (Connie) Fisher, of St. Paul, Minn., upon the death of her father on August 23. Miss Fisher is a prominent Social Service worker, and has been a VILTIS reader for some ten years.



IDYLLWILD CAMP

ISOMATA, the fabulous summer camp of the arts and allied subject of the University of Southern California is truly something to rave about. Sessions are held all summer long. Each week or week-end is set aside to some sort of artistic subject. Some are continuous through the entire summer. There one may study art, ceramics, sculpture, drama (Shakespearean & other types), dance (folk, moderne-expressionistic, ballet) instrumental playing and orchestral conducting, singing, group leadership, etc. At the same time one can enjoy a wonderful vacation in an inspirational setting of majestic beauty and simplicity as well.

This year's folk dance camp and the folk singers' conference were held simultaneously which added tremendously to the pleasures and experiences of the campers. Leading folk singers known for their recordings were there in person: Pete Seeger, Sam Hinton, Marais (Joseph) and Miranda, etc. with a great number of interested students, bringing their banjos and guitars, sang, learning the background and theory of the folk songs. In the evening a combined program of folk song and dance took place during which period both groups of followers learned each others' phase of folk lore which actually is complementary to one another. Both should go hand in hand.

Another bit of luck was the presence of Robert LeHouse, a handsome colored lad who specializes in Sudanese and North African dances. His body is well proportioned and most supple and his movements fascinating. He had with him a great supply of African costumes which he wore daily with often changes. The most enthralling period which involved him was at an informal presentation. When after a program, with all around the camp fire, he led the congregated group into an African song to which he danced on a high boulder leaping and undulating and perching dangerously on the very ledge of a rock and finally disappearing behind the boulder into the darkness and cover of trees and shadows. The effect was truly "deep, dark, jungle'ish and African".

Other Folk dance camp traditions at Idyllwild was the inspirational sun set service at Inspiration Point led by the favorite Indian woman, Ataloo, who also instructs at the camp Indian lore; the week-end conference which attracts a large number of folk dancers, the Woodmen's out-door breakfast and the nightly folkloric programs. There were not too many folk dancers, only about fifty, 31 of these were VILTITES and some of them came through seeing the story in VILTIS, as in the case of Dr. Leona Holboork, Mary Jensen, Virginia Meservy — all of Provo, Utah, Zoila Causey from Albuquerque, and fun provoking Shirley Durham from Louisville, Ky. who came on a scholarship. This is a richly awarding camp and should attract a greater number of campers, particularly of the serious students of the folk dancer.

STOCKTON CAMP, College of the Pacific:

Stockton's tenth annual camp was the largest in attendance as well as the number of faculty members, nearly fifty! Among the new members of the staff were several interesting personalities which added tremendously to the colorfulness of the camp. There was Alice Reisz, a refugee dance teacher from Hungary, who with VILTITE of old, Cecilia Szacacz, who acted as interpreter for Alice, made a wonderful team. Rivca Sturman, choreographer and



THE STOCKTON DANCE CAMP STAFF (Foto Ace Smith)

dance leader from Israel charmed everyone with her quiet ways and inimitable style of dancing the Yemenite forms. These contributed greatly to the introduction of new phases of old cultures. Hungarian dances, perhaps to the European upheaval, seemed to predominate on the campus this year, as well as its annual share of Mexican (taught by four teachers). The kolo craze was not as evident this year, however, the over energetic "wheatie eaters" spent their overabundance of steam on Bulgarian Retchenitsas which at first, to the uninitiated, it appears like wild junglish "Vulgarian" dances, but something about their "call of the wild" was fascinating, not only to the leaping dervishes but to the onlooker who was amazed with the agility and energy required. It, definitely is a dance for flaming youth. The two favorite dances in Stockton were a Portuguese Fado with cymbals and a Slovak Csardas. Stockton was still the leading camp in the U. S.

Stockton was another of those camps where over 50% in attendance are VILTITES and it was sure good to see the distant friends whom I've not expected to see all the way in Stockton, such as Jacques Carriere from Montreal, Sarah Fried from New York and Charlie Francisco from Buffalo and many others. Stockton seems to be the MECAH of the American folk dancer.

SALT LAKE CITY and DENVER

John Skow, kolo leader of San Francisco, was my chauffeur this summer. Both, he and his Volkswagen were every nice companions to travel with. The Volkswagen was very comfortable and often a blessing, as in the case of Nevada deserts. We had enough gas for 50 miles. Thinking, surely we'll run into a more appealing gas station than the one of our last stop, on we went, but for 76 long miles there was not even a half shot station. We coasted on nothing down hills which, fortunately, what it was was mostly. Up hill we climbed at a low of 15 mph. Finally, about a mile before entering Ely the VW gave its ghost. We pushed it up to the crest of a bridge and coasted into a gasoline station in Ely, which was located in a deep ravine, and the day was saved. We certainly wouldn't have been able to do that with a big car. I certainly never thought we'd make Salt Lake City that evening where we were scheduled for a dance.

Our first stop-over was in Spor (Reno) where we stayed with the Al Calsbecks. Salt Lake City was a teaching stop and we had a wonderful, even tho hot, session with the Marwedel group at the University gym. We were treated royally and hosted by Helen Anderson and son. From there we raced to Denver for my annual check-up and a session with the Sherwood Dancers at the Steele Community Center, another successful evening replete with many wonderful reunions of friends.



RONNIE KNIERIM, San Diego's excellent teen age dancer who assisted Vyts at Stockton with the teaching of the FADO FOR FOURS, is seen here adding a new wrinkle to Madelyne Greene's famous comedy hambo which caught the viewers by surprise. In the center is Alice Reisz from Hungary and Rivka Sturman from Israel, two "charmiers" who captivated the hearts of the campers.

I had good reason to fear this summer's physical, but, again, through Divine mercy, it turned out not only OK but excellent and the wonderful doctor Marvin Seif exclaimed: "Amazing!" JCRS also underwent a tremendous change. Its pasturelands were converted into a tremendous shopping center, the rental of which will greatly aid in its humanitarian work of life saving and research in cancer and tubercular field. God bless and prosper them.

HAZEL GREEN, Kentucky

In good time and smooth voyaging we reached distant Hazel Green in two and one half days, that's about 1800 miles. Hazel Green is where the American Squares magazine holds its annual camp. It, too, is a unique camp. The sponsored by a square Dance Magazine the folk dance is featured on equal footing (if not more so). Therein lies the greatest service of the magazine, for it introduces the square dancer to a new world and new revelations. Prejudices are shattered. About half of its campers come from Southern States. But the greatest contribution that Frank Kaltman and the camp gave was to the community. It is an isolated community where nothing much happens beyond the normal things that a cycle of life demands; marriage, birth, death, and the presence of the camp is a great event. Frank and the Staff made the townsfolk, regardless of age, welcome. And the academy's gym gallery was ever full with the town folk who watched the proceedings with interest and delight. They came dressed as if going to a theatre. Shirley Durham, the Jane Farwell of the hills, Kentucky's Sweetie Pie (and Archie's honey bunch), taught the town youngsters of under-ten, while the older ones were encouraged to dance with the campers and be a part of the camp. I hate to think of the camp moving to more sophisticated locations. Olga Kulbitsky is another great contributor to the camp whose merits can barely be measured. Jerry Helt was there also for several days. The food was Southern and plentiful and the Friday night fish fry is the eating high-light.

OGLEBAY PARK, WHEELING, W. VA.

Before going to Wheeling, since we had a "whole day" to spare, we raced down to Elkins, in central West Virginia, to see my friends, Col. & Mrs. Wayne Wills. It was a fortunate decision, as the following week they were to have been transferred to some other area which at that moment was still unknown to them. We had a wonderful visit. We rose early next day winding our way to Oglebay Park where camp started that afternoon.

Oglebay Park Camp is one of the oldest and an extremely enjoyable one. Again reunions. Even the staff was